And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene,
By fountaine cleere, or ſpangled ſtarlight ſheene,
But they do ſquare, that all their Elues for feare
Creepe into acorne cups, and hide them there.
Fai. Either I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrewd and knauiſh ſpirit,
Call'd *Robin good-fellow*. Are you not hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagree,
Skim milke, and ſometimes labour in the querne,
And bootleſſe make the breathleſſe huſwife cherne,
And ſometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Miſ-leade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
Thoſe that hobgoblin call you, and ſweete Puck,
You do their worke, and they ſhall haue good lucke.
Are not you he? (the night,
Rob. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright; I am that merry wanderer of
I ieaſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horſe beguile;
Neighing in likeneſſe of a ſilly foale,
And ſometime lurke I in a goſſips bole,
In very likeneſſe of a roſted crab,
And when ſhe drinkes, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop poure the ale.
The wiſeſt Aunt telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three foote ſtoole, miſtaketh me,
Then ſlip I from her bum, downe topples ſhe,
And tailour cryes, and fals into a coffe,
And then the whole Quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſweare,
A merrier houre was neuer waſted there.
But roome Fairy, here comes *Oberon*.
Fai. And here my miſtreſſe: would that he were gone.
Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine, and the Queene at another with hers.
Ob. Ill met by moone-light, proud *Tytania*.

Queen.

Queene. What, ielous *Oberon*? Fairy skip
Ihaue forſworne his bed and company.
Ob. Tarry raſh wanton; am not I thy Lor
Qu. Then I muſt be thy Lady: but I kno
When thou haſt ſtollen away from Fairy La
And in the ſhape of *Corin*, ſat all day,
Playing on pipes of corne, and verſing loue,
To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou here
Come from the fartheſt ſteepe of *India*?
But that forſooth the bouncing *Amazon*,
Your buskind miſtreſſe, and your warrior lo
To *Theſeus* muſt be wedded; and you com
To giue their bed ioy and proſperity.
Ob. How canſt thou thus for ſhame, *Tyt*
Glance at my credite, with *Hippolita*?
Knowing I know thy loue to *Theſeus*.
Didſt not thou leade him through the glim
From *Perigenia*, whom he rauiſhed?
And make him with faire Eagles breake hi
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?
Queen. Theſe are the forgeries of ialouſ
And neuer ſince the middle Sommers ſprin
Met we on hill, in dale, forreſt or mead,
By paued fountaine, or by ruſhy brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling win
But with thy brawles thou haſt diſturbd ou
Therefore the windes, pyping to vs in vain
As in reuenge, haue ſuckt vp from the ſea,
Contagious fogs; which falling in the La
Hath euery pelting riuer made ſo proud,
That they haue ouer-borne their Continen
The Oxe hath therefore ſtretcht his yoke i
The ploughman loſt his ſweat, and the gre
Hath rotted, ere his youth attaind a beard